

volume 88 issue 26 november 12, 1998



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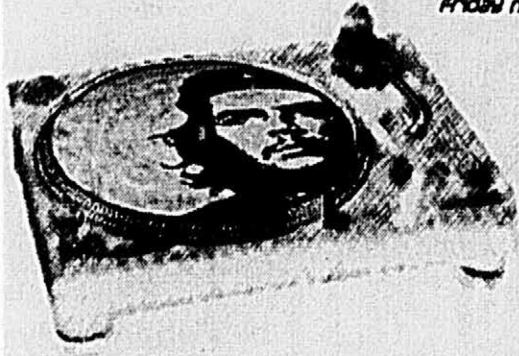
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If you're interested in submitting articles, artwork or creative writing for the pop culture special issue, contact James or Luigi at the Daily (398-6784)

The Daily welcomes any and all comment, criticism, and letters to the editor. Please drop off at our office in B-03 Shatner, or email us at daily@generation.net, or fax us at 398-8318. Letters should be no more than 300 words.

The Popular Culture issue of the Daily will be out soon.

Letter to the Editor

NOVEMBER 11, 1998

Dear Editor,

Perhaps you haven't noticed but the number of full-time students at McGill has decreased markedly since last year. Full registration numbers were released last week in Senate and show that at the undergraduate level, there are 15,597 full-time students enrolled at McGill, a decline from the previous year of 217 students. Graduate student enrolment suffered a similar decrease, with the number of full-time students down to 4,591, almost 200 less from the previous fall term. Of note, enrolment in the Masters of Arts program fell by about 20% from last year, with trends in other graduate programs also on the decline.

Should students be worried about falling enrolment? I do believe so. This is an indication that faculty and staff members are also (still) decreasing in numbers within the University as a result of budgetary cutbacks. Fewer professors mean fewer supervisors and consequently, fewer students. Thankfully, the

ratio of students to professors has not changed much during this transitional period. Nonetheless, we should all be concerned about the way McGill is handling its finances. Are cutbacks to faculty and staff members really necessary? Is McGill undergoing a significant "brain drain" that all of Canada seems to be suffering at the present time?

Obviously, many questions come to mind regarding this issue. Students should continue to lobby the administration to stop an unnecessary decline in staff and faculty members, detrimental to student life at McGill. In addition, it should ensure accessibility to new students by keeping tuition fees frozen at their current level. Otherwise, enrolment will continue spiraling down, leaving McGill in a very precarious situation.

Stephen Dery
Doctoral Senator

Table of Contents

- 4 What's blowing through Chicago Now
-The Montreal Jazz Scene
- 5 Dance: Cowboys and Platform Sneakers
- 6 Interviewing the Afghan Whigs
- 7 A DJ's Luv Affair
- 8 Flicks from The Swamp
CD Reviews
- 9 Creative Space
- 10 Money Mark's just off the Mark



Doing Its Own Thing

CHICAGO'S JAZZ SCENE HITS MONTRÉAL

by Pohanna Pyne

Have you heard some of the sounds coming out of Chicago these days? No, I mean, have you really listened? Last Wednesday night I was hanging out at home listening to CKUT's *Jazz Euphorium*'s special on the *Chicago Now* series coming to Montréal this week. Kahlil El'Zabar, percussionist and program director of *Chicago Now*, describes the city's contemporary music scene as rooted in and evolving through "human expression and human exchange."

Over the next six weeks six Chicago-based groups in Montréal, each of which will represent an aspect of some of the most creative, collaborative and inspirational sounds that musicians are making in North America.

Sparked by the legendary Association for the Advancement of Creative Music (AACM), Chicago has been experiencing a local "free jazz" revival over the past ten years. Musicians, young and old, are exploring a renaissance of the possibility of sound. A vibrant combination of both "cross-generational" as well as "cross-stylistic" activity plants their music in the sound of the moment while it resonates with the genius of the ages. Chicago musicians, according to El'Zabar, are "working, playing and sharing ideas" while capturing audiences around the world.

The international eyes of music are looking to Chicago as a booming collaborative center. Musicians with various interests, training and concentrations are intertwining their work and learning from each other. By celebrating new talent and simultaneously drawing from, as saxophonist Fred Anderson puts it, the "old traditional," these musicians are paving the way for a performance space where their ideas can flow steadily.

Chicago is different from other large cultural centers such as New York. Chicago allows more liberty for free expression; 'to do yo' own thang'. While New York is notoriously competitive, expensive and thus artistically restrictive; Chicago displays a willingness to cross-breed styles.

The international success of the groups participating in the Montréal series, *The Ritual Trio*, *DeFunk*, *The Ethnic Heritage Ensemble*, *Isotope 217* and soloists *Fred Anderson* and *Ken Vandermark* is evidence to the unique Chicago musical quality. The audience for experimental music in the jazz, funk, and post-rock realms, is alive and growing.

Every city develops out of its own unique musical evolution. Chicago's current scene is comprised of both 'busting-out' new talent and a rooted contingent of experienced and matured musi-

cians, such as Fred Anderson. Anderson describes the older musicians as having already "lived this music" and are "trying to make a contribution to the music that came before [him]." Inspired by the students and teachers of the AACM, this fusion of generational differences and musical conceptions has blossomed into the sharp resonance which characterizes the *Chicago Now* series.

As El'Zabar, the percussionist for both the *Ritual Trio* and the *Ethnic Heritage Ensemble*, has expressed, "[*Chicago Now*] is at the heart of the city. It represents the immediacy, urgent calling, change, and the committed desire to call on the spirit through sound." El'Zabar, raised in South-Side Chicago and having grown up around other musicians such as Sun Ra, embodies the vibrations of the city. He is a master percussionist who, while committed to drawing upon the African heritage of African American music, has also played with Stevie Wonder, Paul Simon, Cannonball Adderley, Donny Hathaway, Dizzie Gillespie, David Murray and many others. He joined the legendary AACM at age 18 and has since developed a fluid mastery of the kalimba, Mandingo style earth drum, balaphone, flute and voice.

The *Ethnic Heritage Ensemble* is said to be "breaking the habits

of boredom and pushing beyond nostalgia into the present." It mixes the unique instrumentation of tap drums, African and Latin hand-percussion, saxophone, trombone, digeridoo, bass clarinet and kalimba which together are rich in both texture and depth. The leader of the celebrated jazz-rock fusion group called *DeFunk*, trombonist and conga player *Joseph Bowie*, is also a member of the *Ethnic Heritage Ensemble*.

The *Ritual Trio* was formed in 1980 by Kahlil El'Zabar and features tenor saxophonist Ari Brown and bassist Malachi Favors Maghostut. This group is said to explore the "post-bop jazz" styles and, as with the *Ethnic Heritage Ensemble*, El'Zabar uses his percussive genius to articulate the relationship between jazz and African music.

Isotope 217 represents a distinct fusion of a diversity of musical styles such as British electronica and jazz. Featuring the percussionists from *Tortoise*, John Herndon & Dan Bitney, *Isotope 217* will no doubt spark off an entirely new edge for all of the post-rock listeners to hang of. Their style is focused on the angle of the moment and collective group improvisation.

Fred Anderson, saxophonist and owner of the South-side saloon, The Velvet Lounge, will be rolling in with his "stream-of-consciousness" melodic improvisa-

tions. He has been active on the scene since the 1950s and is a reflection of the integrity of Chicago's current music scene.

Ken Vandermark, an ex student of McGill, will also be blasting through town with his saxophone sounds and unique compositions. Vandermark, with his diverse range of styles and involvement in a variety of bands, is said to personify the free-style aspect of the contemporary Chicago jazz scene.

Chicago jazz is an ever changing, sweet evolution of diverse cultures, generations and individual innovations. A mixture made possible within a musical movement that seems at once experienced and emancipating. Be sure to catch it as it blows through town.

Chicago Now is a co-presentation of Montréal's *Gallery Isart* and CKUT 90.3 FM. The performances will be every Thursday night from Nov. 12 until Dec. 17 at Isart (263 St. Antoine O. 393-1758).

Nov. 12 - *The Ritual Trio*, Nov. 19 - *Isotope 217*, Nov. 26 - *Fred Anderson*, Dec. 3 - *Ken Vandermark*, Dec. 10 - *DeFunk*, Dec. 17 - *The Ethnic Heritage Ensemble*

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by Ghiabe Guebenga

Jazz and Montréal

I don't know if you remember Montréal in the 20s, 30s, 40s and 50s — ok. Most of us were probably not around — but Montréal was a very important centre in North America for jazz. It was a favourite destination for jazz icons like Billie Holiday and Charlie 'bird' Parker. Jazz, in those days, was a crucial part of popular culture.

Then came the 60s, with Rock 'n roll, followed quickly by Disco. Jazz slowly faded, becoming less prominent but still essentially rooted in North American 'big city' culture.

Is Montréal still a city of jazz?

Many people tend to think so: we host the biggest jazz festival in the world, not the most famous, but certainly the biggest in terms of attendance.

John Braithwaite, CKUT's music co-ordinator, however disagrees: "Montréal is not a really big place for jazz when we compare it to other American cities."

Jazz was after all born in America. But it's roots are world wide, so can Montréal claim a share in the jazz world's evolution? No doubt about it. About 30 of our most amazing jazz musicians (I'm being really conservative) have international

caliber and reputation. Just think about Oliver Jones, Dave Turner, Lorraine Desmarais and Michel Donato. As far as quality is concerned, we have no grounds to envy any other city.

The scene

Montréal has the McGill University Jazz department, with courses offered by the best music faculty in the country, and with teachers who are world famous jazz musicians.

We also have what has become the corner stone of Montréal jazz world, the Montréal Jazz Festival; exposing

the city to the rhythms of local and international musicians. "It has also given to the Montréal cultural scene an international visibility" says Joel Giberovitch. Giberovitch, recently returned from the New-York Jazz Times Convention, is the owner of the Upstairs Jazz club.

The problems

One of the problems that some Montréal jazz players complain about is the "jazz snob" attitude inherent in portions of the jazz enthusiast population. It has become cool and fashionable to be in a jazz club. Many people "just

happen to be there, paying only a minimal attention to the music" says Christine Jenson from the Christine Jenson Trio.

Montréalers have a tendency of "not being supportive enough of our local bands," says Alain Brunet from *La Presse*. They often play for almost nothing or else for free. Possibly spoiled by the Jazz Festival, we have become accustomed to attending free shows. "They are rarely going to spend a fair amount of money for a Montréal based group" Alain adds.

If some players are complaining about the attitude of

Cowboys and Other Unusual Personalities

A NEW SHOW AT ESPACE TANGENTE

by Jordan MacInnis

Imagine yourself in a closed room full of sweaty people in tights and ballet shoes staring at you. The music is cued, they are waiting... For some, this scene has the makings of their worst nightmare; for others, it is their livelihood.

Twenty-six year-old dancer and choreographer Marie-Pascale Bélanger is part of the latter group, and her latest creation, *Héroïdes*, will premiere at Espace Tangente next Thursday, November 19. Bélanger's first full-length work ever, *Héroïdes* promises to ask more questions than it answers; and this apparently, is how Bélanger likes it.

Héroïdes has been compared to an "architecture for the body," and when I asked Bélanger to explain this, her response was really about how she feels dance communicates its ideas. When the body moves, she told me, it constructs a form, and this form expresses an emotion to the audience. Building a shape like this involves every part of the body, even the eyes.

Bélanger exploits this potential to its fullest. *Héroïdes* took 5 months to prepare, and Bélanger worked gradually to develop the

on stage personas of the dancers, asking them to find the same flexibility that an actor would bring to the stage. The show was conceived as a series of episodes, and the unlinear narrative means that emotions shift quickly and sporadically. "The dancers have to be able to laugh one moment and cry the next," she says.

Bélanger uses 6 female performers, including herself. But she bemoaned the overall lack of male dancers in modern dance. Although she said she had no desire to include a man in the piece simply for the sake of diversification, the decision to use only women was not deliberate.

Above all, Bélanger said that she wanted the dancers to play different, equally strong characters. In fact, the title of the piece is a play on the word "héroïne" although its nonsensical quality means that it refers to neither men nor women.

Asking the dancers to play "personalities" meant that they had to rid themselves of any feminine or masculine traits, conveying instead the personality of their character in the context of the scene. Bélanger said that for some of the dancers, conjuring

up certain qualities like aggressiveness was difficult. To avoid this problem, she asked them to use the image of the cowboy as a mental picture.

Hand-picked by Tangente in her final year at LADMMI (Les Ateliers de Danse Moderne) as one of 8 new choreographers to create a piece for their danse buissonnière series, Bélanger's first work premiered at Tangente in September of last year. Although LADMMI is designed primarily for dancers, all students must study choreography. After exposure to both, Bélanger chose choreography in part for the freedom it gave her. She does, however, see a definite overlap between choreography and dance, and this is reflected in her decision to use other dancers from LADMMI in *Héroïdes*.

The relationship between the dancer and the choreographer can often be a tenuous one. The dancer acts essentially as a living material, and is supposed to recreate the vision of the choreographer on themselves. Bélanger says that she helps this process along by telling her dancers to create a story to motivate their own movement, especially for those transi-

tion movements for which there is no obvious meaning.

As a choreographer, Bélanger feels she is often the one responsible for everyone else on stage: an undo amount of pressure for someone just starting out. The role of the choreographer is special, because as she says, "dancers have to take care of themselves first." Admittedly, Bélanger says, their responsibilities also have an impact on the work.

Bélanger told me that because she does not prepare the choreography in its entirety before she heads into the studio, it is often the dancers' individual strengths that inspire her and influence her decisions. Above all, she says, choreography is intuitive work. But this does not mean abstract. *Héroïdes* incorporates aspects of everyday living that make it more like a work of theatre than pure dance. Entering the Tangente stage will be platform sneakers and cowboy chaps—accessories that Bélanger calls the "icing on the cake."

Bélanger is careful to consider how necessary such additions are to the piece. Also a video artist, Bélanger wanted to include footage in *Héroïdes*. Skeptical of

those artists who use multimedia simply to bolster their work, Bélanger decided to postpone this in favour of concentrating on the piece itself. She is conscious of additions to her piece which don't add to its conception as a whole. Instead, in her plans for the future is a documentary about the creation of *Héroïdes*.

The adventurous and intelligent nature of Bélanger's work is what promises to be one of its strongest qualities. According to her, dance is the one art that integrates the whole person in what she calls "a living art object."

The problem with modern dance right now, Bélanger told me, is a gap in education, people don't know about it the way they do the other arts. "It is a form of language that is not used very often," she says, "although there is something living in this way of communicating." The proof, as they say, will be in the pudding next Thursday night.

The choreographic works of Marie-Pascale Bélanger and Yves Saint-Pierre are billed together at Tangente, 840 Rue Cherrier, November 19-21 at 8:30 and 22 at 7:30. Cost is \$10.



THE TALK AROUND TOWN ON MONTRÉAL'S JAZZ SCENE

some of audience, some jazz critics and jazz club owners deplore the bitterness of some jazz musicians in Montréal. This bitterness may be caused by the small financial opportunities jazz offers. In fact jazz only comprises 2 to 3 per cent of the total music market.

Organizing musicians

For Alain Brunet some jazz musicians in Montréal have to get rid of their "loser attitudes and move their asses". He means organise themselves. Jazz musicians in Montréal have yet to unite into lobbying groups, as

musicians in the US have, in order to finance a part of their activities outside of the jazz festival.

But according to Erwin Block of *The Gazette*, the "jazz community in Montréal will never get organised. Organising such a creative art form as jazz is very difficult" he says. Surely we cannot organise the creation of jazz as any creation is by definition chaotic.

However, we can at least organise its management. Organisation and working together seems to be the new credo for the jazz community in Montréal. It

seems to be the right direction to take and is essential in the evolution of such a small music market.

Conceiving jazz or any art form in economic terms is distasteful, but in this contemporary society we are living in, it has become difficult to disentangle art and culture from money.

If jazz is a business, let's say a risky business, it can be a calculated risk. An example is Cro D'amico. Two years ago D'amico founded Nu-Jazz Records which aims at recording Montréal-based jazz artist. He works co-operatively with musicians, in-

volving them in the production, marketing and distribution of their music.

This is the same co-operative approach taken by the Upstairs management, which has integrated the McGill jazz department with their regular program of musicians. Both Jazz Combo students and members of the teaching faculty have a place on the Upstairs stage.

Montréal is not an easy place for any art form and for music in particular. Montréalers have a tendency to underestimate our cultural potential; we are not sufficiently appreciative of the cali-

bre of our musicians, and we are not paying them the respect they deserve.

I doubt jazz will ever disappear from Montréal, even if the Jazz Festival goes away one day. Jazz belongs to Montréal and Montréal has adopted jazz. The cultural dualisms of Montréal: French and English, European and North American, makes Montréal favourable to a flowering of jazz reminiscent of New Orleans, where a century ago jazz was born. Montréalers only have to realize this city's position to reap the jazz potential already sown into its culture.

The "Island" of Rocking Soul Blues

by Natalia Lorentziadis

As I climbed the stairs into the tour bus parked behind the Cabaret on Saturday night, I felt like I was entering into the fantastic world of celebrity myth and extravagance. I was welcomed by Greg Dulli, lead singer of the Afghan Whigs, and lured into something I could only indulge in through my imagination. A luxurious setting of leather couches and mirror covered walls had turned a mere bus into a high class venue, where I thought anybody but the Afghan Whigs could feel at home. As I waited for my scheduled interview, I had nothing to do but search frantically for hints of the band's versatile personality, and all my attention could gather was a mere 60's picture placed neatly above the couch across from me, of Hillary and Bill Clinton in a loving embrace.

The band had just arrived from Boston, with an eight hour delay crossing the border into Québec. Dulli admitted he had a rough 24 hours with "about 20" drinks the night before "and that's why I'm a little fuzzy in the edges." His "fuzziness," however did nothing to prevent an exceptional two hour and 15 minute performance that turned what seemed to be an initially dormant crowd into a swinging, singing, transcended group of fans.

Their new album *1965* was recorded in New Orleans. And the Afghan Whigs allowed much of the Big Easy's soul to vividly enter their lively performance through a very present 'rhythm keeping' piano and rich back-up vocals. When I asked about the effect of New Orleans on *1965*, Dulli gave me a pretty lengthy defense of the album: it has "a soul of its

own, and our record is going to have soul whether we do it in Russia or New Orleans."

He went on, excited and amazed as if he was still in the South, to share with me the "magic" of the Big Easy, "...there was a celebration going on just within people doing their own thing, people playing music, eating stuff that's bad for



them, drinking way too much, staying up much too late; but it's amazing - it gets reborn everyday and it's a magical place in the world. The fact that it exists is one thing, the fact that we got to play there is secondary, I think."

The gig took off with an odd cover version of "Papa Was a Rolling Stone" and a hard and effective break into one of the new album's most catchy tunes 'Something Hot'. Dulli's intimate interaction with the audience, as he descended off the stage and strolled among an awe stricken crowd, added a comfort and intimacy that few performers offer. Dulli's charisma and his chameleon-like persona as a rock-n-roll/blues and soul artist catered to all listeners and left everybody in the audience satisfied.

The melange of soft edged rhythm and blues, spiritual soul and straight rock-n-roll is what the Afghan Whigs incorporated so effectively, not only in their recent album, but also in their

Saturday performance. Nobody could have stated it better than Dulli himself, when he began to explain the true core of the elements of music the Whigs suck into their tunes: "We're a rock-n-roll band - that is what we always have been, but rock-n-roll is the bastard child of rhythm and blues...and we incorporate elements of rhythm

and blues into our music." All dressed in black, with the odd exception of Rick McCollum (lead guitarist), the Afghan Whigs definitely painted the picture of blues and carried a stroke of New Orleans colour.

Greg Dulli in his shades and hat casually sat on the stage amplifiers with his fans at his feet, obviously loose and visibly content. He took the gig on a roller-coaster with cover songs, (like "Prudence" by the Beatles, and the Wizard of Oz song - "If I Only Had a Heart"), with random engagements with his listeners, and with hard core edgy rock frenzies. "We stretch songs out a little bit, I change the words, we go into other peoples' songs...With us what you get live is a lot of unpredictability because I'm unpredictable, to myself even." Sure enough, his unpredictability shone through. "I get to indulge in other peoples' songs and I get to vocalize a lot of the crazy thoughts

that go through my head on a regular basis," continued Dulli. So it is no surprise that in the middle of the show, turning the audience into a Prince-inspired, gospel gathering, Dulli said "We are gathered here today, to get through this thing called life."

The uniqueness of the 'type' of sound and the personality that the Afghan Whigs hold as their own is truly what makes this band one of the few out there surviving the slowly fading early 90's rock.

Dulli pointed out "we were always pretty independent of that (the rock and grunge scene) being in Ohio, there was nobody in a three to four to five state radius of us doing anything close to what we've done, so we've always kind of felt like an island."

An island of brilliance is what I saw on Saturday night, realizing for the first time how rich and versatile a sound the Afghan Whigs allowed themselves to play with. Suzanne Marshall's (back up vocalist) full and luring voice dropped a heavy dosage of soul, passion and salvatory themes into their already established celebration of sound combination. With only the horns missing from the set, all other instruments and voice types, as unique as they are, fell together to create a style of music that can truly stand on its own.

The Afghan Whigs played songs from their previous albums, and the distinction in sound and the 'life' of the songs became even more apparent. Despite John Curley's (bassist) argument that "the themes are all kind of the same" among all the records produced, I agree with his other

comment that *1965* is "more salvatory" than most of the down right dark-themed songs of *Black Love* (their previous record) or even *Gentlemen*.

Gentlemen has often been rated the most successful LP the Afghan Whigs have released. The audience seemed to concur. When the Whigs ended their first set with an extraordinarily powerful version of "Faded" off *Gentlemen*, the whole of Cabaret was on its feet, moving vi-



ciously to the music. They clapped, whistled and called the band back for an encore, which was granted.

My last wish was granted as well, as I brought my interview to a close and pressed the 'STOP' button on my recorder. There must be something I'm forgetting, something that I still want to ask - this is my last chance...But instead I walked to the door feeling an unfulfilled hunger for information. Halfway out the door, Dulli yells out "Kalinikta" which means 'good-night' in Greek. Being Greek myself, I was pulled back into the room to confirm my suspicions - Greg Dulli is in fact Greek. That last piece of information kept me in the back of the bus with the band for a couple more minutes, and made the closure of our conversation more fulfilling. The encore to the interview served its purpose.

Luv Affair

LUV'S FADED ROCKSTAR AMBITIONS, DISTASTE FOR PACKAGING AND LOVE OF GOOD MUSIC

by Kelly Jackson

In the corner of the Ninja Tune office I sat on a small couch, armed with a pen, paper, and a tape recorder. As long as everything works, I'm happy. As long as I can actually play the records, and hear the records, and it doesn't sound bad, I'm generally happy. This is where I had the chance to chat with the very interesting Luv - ninja by day/local Montréal DJ by night.

Daily: How long have you been DJing?

Luv: I'd say since about '94; about four and a half years.

Daily: And what interested you in it? How did you get into it?

Luv: I was going to McGill, and I had met a friend of mine who said: "Hey, come to this rave - this big party, this rave!", and I was this big long-haired rocker guy. I was like "Ennh, raves. Well, let's go check it out and see what it's about. Let's see what this is all about." I figured it was going to be a fad. It was going to come. It was

going to go. I went to Solstice, and it was the best party of my life. Well, at that point in time, anyway. It just amazed me. I did two hits of acid. While dancing around on acid, I decided that I didn't want to be a rock star anymore because I didn't like... I knew what the industry was like. And the rock and roll end of the music industry can be especially nasty and really dirty. And I was thinking, do I really want to sit there and have people try to take things from me all the time.

So, then I went through a couple of months of just being on lots of drugs and partying a lot, and not really having any focus. Then I went away from that for awhile, and then I came back. And when I came back I

was just amassing all these mixed tapes, and me and a friend of mine dropped a hit of acid (laughs) and we sat around, and we looked at each other and said: "Why are we buying all these tapes? Why don't we just start buying records?" The next day I went out and just started buying records. It's been never-ending since that point. I've just accumulated more and more records...bought turntables.

Daily: So what you started to spin, is that what you spin now? Or was there any kind of evolution in your style?

"I did two hits of acid. While dancing around on acid, I decided that I didn't want to be a rock star anymore because...I knew what the industry was like."

Luv: I'm not restricted at all to styles of music. I buy everything from Henry Mancini to heavy duty drum & bass to triphop to hiphop to house to techno. I like all of it. But like anything, I think there's about ten percent that's really good. So instead of spending all my money on house records, I'll just buy the three house records that came out that week that are good, in my opinion, and then I'll spend the rest of my money on, you know, a really good hiphop twelve inch, a couple good drum and bass twelve inches, a James Bond soundtrack. You know all over the place. I never ever really started off in any style. I started off buying house, breaks: Ninja Tune stuff. I'm still buying that. It's still all over the place, and it always has been.

Daily: What do you think is unique about your mixing?

Luv: I think one thing for me, especially in this city, is that I don't strictly tie myself to any

one scene. Which I think is good, but it has also been a hindrance. Because people sort of look at me and they'll be like: "Okay, he plays house - great." And the next time they hear me I'll be playing really weird dark down tempo stuff and they'll be like: "Whoa, whoa, whoa." I think it just tends to confuse people because they don't necessarily know where to put me.

Daily: Well, people like to categorize. They want you in the package. They want to be able to say "Luv plays this, so therefore if I want to listen to that this evening, I'll go hear him."

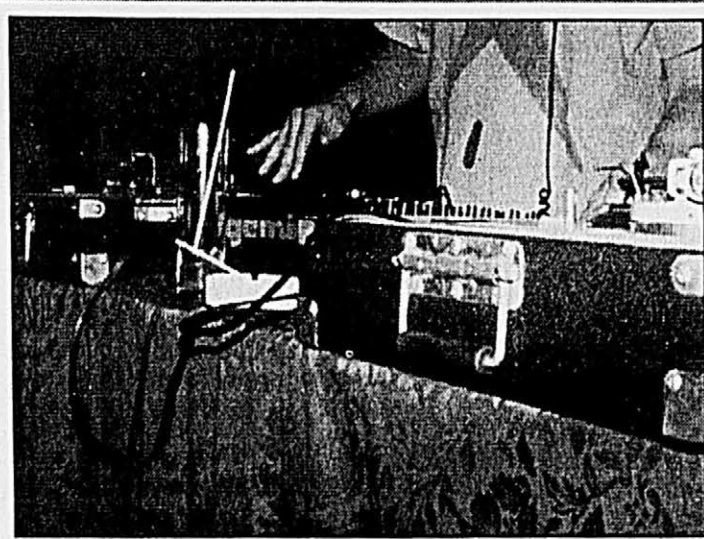
Luv: I don't like to be put into that package. I'd rather play for people who really just like good music. And I mean, I guess that's just kind of arrogant or whatever. But, you know, that's exactly it. I like to think that I just play good music.

Daily: Do you have anything that you usually demand from the promoters?

Luv: I'm really bad at demanding. I like...

Daily: For example, are there certain time slots or..?

Luv: No, I'm not picky like that. If you're going to pay me to play records, then I'll play at six in the morning. I'll play at six in the afternoon. I find, actually, that's really sort of pompous. I've had people, friends, who've thrown parties and then their friends



LUV AT L'AIR DU TEMPS ON SUNDAY NIGHT

Go get your

own job. I'm going to pay you two hundred dollars and you're not going to complain about it. You just do it, with a smile and as best as you can. I'm not really demanding like that. The only thing I really would say you need, which I think any DJ needs, is at least a half-decent set-up where there is a good monitor, good turntables and a mixer that works. As long as everything works, I'm happy. As long as I can actually play the records, and hear the records, and it doesn't sound bad, I'm generally happy.

are all like: "Oh, I'm not playing at eleven. Oh, I'm not playing at three. I'm not playing in this room. I'm not playing in that room." It's like, well fuck you.

PHOTO BY KELLY JACKSON

Daily: Any residencies?

Luv: On the horizons. Are you familiar with Blizzarts on St. Laurent?

Daily: Yes.

Luv: It's not Blizzarts anymore. It's closed down. It's starting up as a new club, and its going to be called Jingxi. And apparently, I'm not sure, it's Japanese or Korean for "place to dance." They're opening up on the 25th of November. A friend of mine, Fred who runs a distributor here called

Nice Music, and myself are going to have a residency there. That's the opening night; a bunch of people playing. After that we'll play every Wednesday night, which I think is really good because being on a Wednesday, admission is

free. It's free and there's drink specials which are incentives for people to be down there, for other than just the music.

Daily: And I don't think you're going to have a lot of competition.

Luv: Well, there are things that happen on Wednesdays, but there won't be a lot of competition. I think it's really good in terms of its location, because I think the kind of crowd it will draw will be a bit more open. For instance, the guy who I used to go hear all the time at Blizzarts was Robert de la Gauthier. He used to play techno, and house, and breaks, and electro and all sorts of stuff. Which is sort of what I want to do. I want to get three tables, and I just want to make people dance - however I can possibly do it. I'm looking forward to it.

Daily: I think that about wraps it up. Any last words?

Luv: Um, any last words? I don't know. Hardcore will never die, how's that? (laughs)

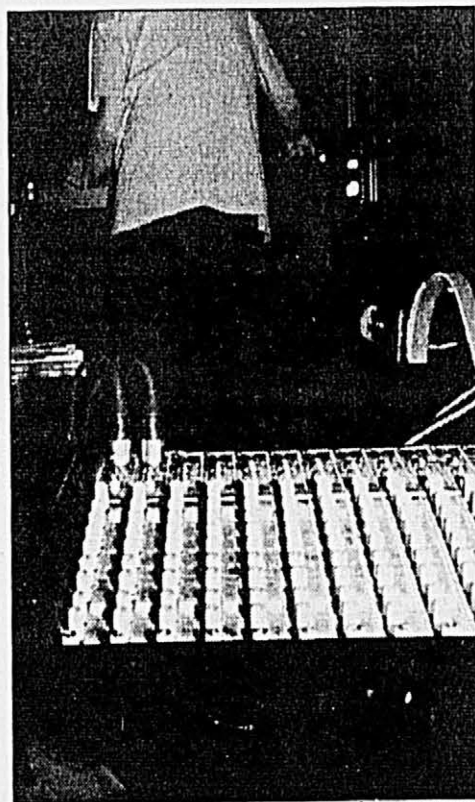


PHOTO BY AMY PAPAEULAS

LUUUUUUUVLY

FLICKS FROM THE SWAMP

Dead Souls

by Bev.Alexis Swamp

I named my big black overcoat "Nicky" because it reminded me of Gogol's story.

When I walk wherever I walk, Nicky swings in the near-winter wind. I reach campus and my eyes which have been staring at my feet begin to see muddled ads on fluorescent paper taped to the concrete sidewalk tiles. Why do I look down instead of forward? Why are ground-locked 8 1/2 by 11's well placed advertisements?

This is an article on why *The Big Chill* matters to your life. Last week I whined about greedy motivations behind recidivist releases. Last weekend, *The Big Chill* celebrated its 15th anniversary with a re-release on 50 screens across North America, grossing \$65,000.

The film is about a group of close college friends who gather together for the funeral of one of their number, Alex, who has committed suicide.

These 1960's revolutionaries had grown up. Kevin Kline has become a running-shoe manufacturer, Jeff Goldblum a pop magazine writer, Tom Berenger a television Magnum P.I., William Hurt a psychiatrist-come-drug-dealer. Glenn Close plays a doctor, Mary Kay Place a lawyer, Jobeth Williams a housewife. After the funeral they spend a weekend together at Kline and Close's home. Among them is Meg Tilly, lover of the deceased. Tilly is the stoic voice of evacuated feeling whose silence ironically punctuates the false appearances, infantile lusts and total loneliness of these "close" friends.

This is what occurred to me while I was reading an essay on Wim Wenders and eating cheesies yesterday (How weird is that?): *The Big Chill* articulates something almost ineffable in our movies, our minds and our lives.

Something is missing.

In the most progressive and alternative edges of our medium we find nothing but numb testaments to the avant-garde of the past, mitigationally colonized by the American grammar of film making. In form, imagery and industry, Todd Solondz, Wong Kar-Wai, Peter Greenaway, David Mamet and their renegade equivalents make movies that stir, mull and examine. But none make movies with

memory when we could still be moved by dancing light on a screen in the dark.

Film theorist Andre Bazin describes the way that photography is deeply and tangibly nostalgic. It is a nostalgia for the days of order and truth with which our postmodern condition sickens us. The photograph does not merely record life, writes Bazin, it "embalms time." A re-released film is

a mummy, slightly painted, of the way we once saw

ourselves seeing ourselves.

In Gogol, everything is described in negatives. He tells us what a thing is not and not what it is. *The Big Chill* is an important film because it tells a whole cinemaphile world what it can no longer believe in: truth.

It is apt that the dead corpse of Alex, whose face we never see, is actually Kevin Costner in his screen debut. Inspiration is as dead as Costner's career these days, because the public no longer believes in a *Field of Dreams*. Too many people know too much about their hidden neuroses and paradoxical behavior to believe in themselves. I blame Freud.

Somehow, all films are remembering Alex. Like Hurt, Close, Kline and Goldblum, we stand around a coffin scratching our asses, unable to name our dead idealism, staring at photographs to mitigate the loss, and generally wondering what the hell went wrong. Movies are getting technically brilliant, elaborate and penetrating, but can they give us hope like *E.T.* did, and so simply?

I'm not trying to use the Good Old Days line on you. I just feel that something fiery has died in film making. If it hasn't, why are we so anxious for nostalgic re-releases instead of finding new idols?

When I was young I wanted to be an astronaut. Today I want a minor magazine job and I walk around wondering how I could have ever been so naive as to want to see the moon as Nicky and I stare at the ground in the near-winter wind.

The Big Chill is playing at the Egyptian

WHY THE BIG CHILL MATTERS

truth, magic or inspiration. Hollywood, once the Mecca of film language, seems condemned to extending and expanding already defined modes and genres. The best of our films pluralize and extol, hybridize and discarnatize, but none of them infuse us with faith. Film has reverted to ironic allusion and pastiche of ideas and feelings that once meant the world to the world. This is why a film like *Babe* stands out like a sore thumb in Oscar nominations.

The citizens of *The Big Chill* have all betrayed their ideals. The few who even remember them wander through life as chimerical clouds above a deciduous winter forest. Basic tenderness and pity

are transmogrified into black humour and sacramental banality. Inspiration is dead. Still, this is not a dark film. Director Lawrence Kasdan has hidden caustic immolation beneath wit, fun and pop.

When Terry Gilliam made *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, the most sacred of genres, the *Odyssey*, was shaped into a film that reads like a

T.V. commemorative special on the recently dead Western Canon. No one would make *Rocky* or *Casablanca* or *2001* or *The Wizard of Oz* today, because the moviegoer no longer has his/her life changed by a movie. Instead, we re-release these movies, and nostalgically re-live moments in our collective



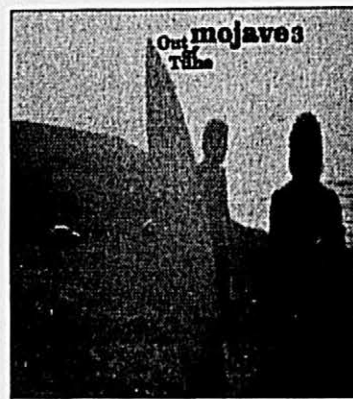
CD Reviews

OUT OF TUNE

Mojave 3
(4AD)

by Céline
Heinbecker

This collection of songs grows on the listener as what seems at first a



slightly too uniform style becomes a calming sort of lullaby reminiscent of Mazzy Star chill. Neil Halstead's voice, not unlike that of Pink Floyd's Rodger Waters, cooes out simple lyrics about the need for, and loss of, love. The track of choice, *Give What You Take*, boasts the dreamy line: "There's a rhythm in you that makes me want to dance." Sadly slightly corny in print.

Mojave 3's greatest weakness in this album is their persistently dull use of acoustic and electric guitar. It seems they either lacked the imagination to write songs that demand a certain melody from these instruments or have not yet mastered the necessary skills and thus shy away from the challenge of a recognizable tune.

On the whole, *Out of Tune* gets a thumbs up in the category of warmly non-descript albums to fall asleep to on a cold night.

DEATH OF A MINOR TV CELEBRITY

The Candyskins

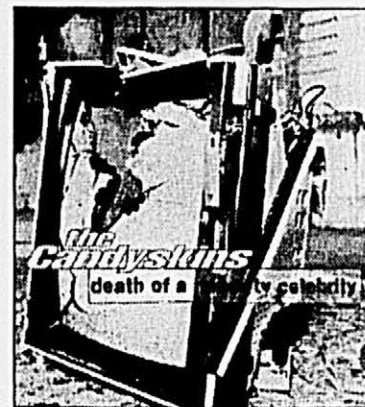
by Gil Shochat

Although in the past, I've often ranted on the death of good British pop music, recent events have caused me to

somewhat change my opinion. Foremost among these "events" was the release of *Ok Computer*, the seminal Radiohead album that is quite possibly the best album of the 1990's. Yes, I am forced to admit that things have changed since the bad old days when groups like the Culture Club reigned supreme over England's rock scene.

A band that is part of this - dare I say it - renaissance of Brit-pop is The Candyskins, a London based outfit whose latest album, *Death of a Minor TV Celebrity*, if not wholly original, is quite listenable and entertaining. Starting out in the same underground scene as Radiohead, The Candyskins do sound a little like their musical compatriots. This is true especially in lead guitarist Nick Burton's lilting guitar work.

Overall, *Death of a Minor TV Celebrity* contains a consistent set of songs and sharp production that delivers on the promise hinted at by earlier efforts. Opening with the infectious, horn-powered "Feed It," the record suggests a majestic, psychedelic sound. Standouts like the raucous "It's a Sign" and the dramatic title cut are simply among the best songs the Candyskins have ever recorded, and even the



lesser tracks succeed on energy alone. Indeed, the title song is nothing short of an acoustic masterpiece, combining Lennonesque vocals with floaty psychedelic guitar work.

Unfortunately, the album does have a couple of duds on it such as "Teenage Suicide" which sounds both rhythmically and vocally similar to a mediocre Oasis tune. The addition of synthesizers to this track are downright annoying. In spite of these flaws, *Death of a Minor TV Celebrity* is a solid album, and a fine effort for this up and coming band.

Fumbled Hooks

The way I feel is irrelevant, ever-present
Constant like quick tick clockwork,
And as they put me in a paint-peeled office and
Attempt to tear my bloody stitched lips wide,
Their Napoleon,
Their Antigone,
Ignoring the voice of rational REASON,
I count the bricks in the wall that frame his face
The plate my final resting place.

Should have known that you would only weep sweet
Over the long gone loss of that
Lovely pale face of perpetual perfection.
Should have seen that you would only see me
As a little girl:
Mouth gaping,
Mind molding,
A taste test in drunken HEAT.
Should have asked for an explanation why
I satiate the SILENT mouth that leaves me in eternal WAIT,
Why I stretch myself out to
Paint and Perfect,
Murder to Dissect.

Made sure I was pleasingly picturesque
for you.
UNGRATEFUL GORGEOUS YOU.
My rope, my twine
My skin swim DIVINE.

In that drunk darkness we danced demonic,
you in momentary weakness
and me in uncharacteristic strength,
And when we came to from our carnivore COMA
I found bliss and yet failed to find you.
You managed to fall off the map,
Made a note in the margin of my FLESH
and moved the fuck on,
With me still nude between your sheets,

Safe in the knowledge that the feast
Is really just MEAT.

Count the bricks and count my ribs
And count the kisses until I SUBMIT.
That's why the mutilation hits so high
Up the thoughtless pulse of a garter-belted thigh.
The temptations of a starved tease
who tosses and arches and touches,
and lacks the bounty of
A well-fed breast of beauty.
I want so madly to get over that fight flight
Of fumbled hooks and hungry looks
But my heart made it into you quick-licked palm
and I'm pretty pissed I didn't train it to come home.

Day by day by darling day,
Finally forgiving temptation
Enough to stop starvation.
Finally finding twisted elation
In the idea that my better being
Overtook your ever bitter

Stacey May Fowles

Creative Space

Desperate Tears of Indifference

This is a story about a five foot, ninety pound kid, with
a six foot-three, two hundred and fifty pound mentality.

I
Hidden in the cool of day
this victim child
Ignorant of sun and play
walks alone.
Even his shadow scorns him.
His own shadow looking nothing similar
to the victim child!

All he recognizes
is a life of rejection, negation.
No Love, no sucker sympathy.
"Just another fucked up street kid" they say.
"Blame it on the damn youth!"
He's got a front so possessive
he can't even claim exile from himself.
It is so developed and thick
he is lost in it, cloaked in sickness.
They also say "his attitude stinks,
a regular gang-star."
He's got a gun for a mouth
and a quick fist to beat with, himself.
Little legs running paranoid imprints into his head.
His mind is shot smoking lies and fiction.
"You can forget about giving him another chance."
He is denied the kind consciousness.

II

Hidden in the cool of day
this victim child
Ignorant of sun and play
walks alone.
Even his shadow scorns him.
His own shadow pumping hopelessness
into the heart of the victim child!

He has never been weaned.
No mother to feed poor helplessness.
No breast to learn from.
Victim child, two years old
and taught to blame himself
for disappearance of mother.
Two years old and blamed for abandonment.
Blamed for death.
Blamed, for death.
Two years old and programmed to misery.

David Neudorfer

Creative Space regrets the misleading presentation
of last week's poems. If you are interested in submitting
poetry, creative writing, artwork or photography, drop
off your pieces in the mailbox called "Pete's box" in the
Daily office, Shatner B-03.

Waiting to Dance

MONEY MARK PERFORMS HIS NINE-TO-FIVE

by Kenzie Burchell

A packed house at the Cabaret, bursts of cheers from the romping crowd, music filling the air, but it wasn't as magical as it seemed. It took the entirety of the show for me to finally understand what was missing. As Money Mark took the stage for the final time, he launched into a soliloquy of sorts, alone on stage reviewing his mundane morning routine. Yes, this was a show like no other. For this man music is not an inspiration, or a divine gift, but an office job.

I should have realized it earlier in the evening in the basement of the Cabaret, while sitting face to face with Money Mark. He was sitting in a barber's chair and was quite content with his luxurious mock-throne, in which he endured the interview. Worn out, tired, and having been on the road for a year now, it seemed that the peculiar barber's chair was all he had to bring a smirk to his face. "I hurry in, hurry out, go in, do a show, and leave." Of the concert experience Money Mark explained, "it just goes by in a slur." From this slur, the exhilaration of the stage was what I was most curious about, "well a good show means a good venue, you know, good monitors and sound, the technical stuff has to be set or it's uncomfortable." It's just like being in the studio and playing, "well it's a different dynamic, the whole visual thing is there." That very important visual thing is the audience. The interview continued on at a drudgingly painful pace, Mark obediently regurgitating scripted answers on his keyboard work with the Beastie Boys, "it's a separate record deal, a separate band, 2 labels, 2 bands." He avoided the topic of The Beastie Boys with utmost diplomacy. At one point, Money Mark achingly stood from his chair and pulled up his pant leg to reveal a knobby surprise to explain his feelings of the tour, "nothing bad, I don't think, but we drew these little puppets, knee puppets!" He smiled.

From here on in, I was expecting the haughtiest of shows, not in the 'I'm a big rockstar' way but in an impatient air of

From here on in, I was expecting the haughtiest of shows, not in the 'I'm a big rockstar' way but in an impatient air of hope that the show ends soon. I am happy to say, I was quite surprised.

hope that the show ends soon. I am happy to say, I was quite surprised. The momentum of the show rose and fell perfectly as planned. In the opening act, Kid Koala hyped up the crowd with his ridiculous vigor in a short but brilliant set that left the crowd stunned. From the very back of the cabaret his grin beamed from behind his turntables; he savoured every second he was on stage and so did we. Buffalo Daughter followed with its unique grunge rebirth, a sweet reminder of those angst driven shows I loved so much. However the real spectacle didn't begin until Money Mark rushed the front of the stage and amidst the slew of low keyed remarks, invited us to enjoy his spectacle. He carried the show with an unexpected zest, dancing on the pedals of his keyboard, kicking his stool over, literally leaping into each note. At times it was as if we were watching a movie. Money Mark flipped back and forth giving cues to the supporting band which he had earlier described as being "basically musicians that have a script." He would disappear behind his keys, letting out only soft vocals when he needed to breathe. This was his masterpiece laid out before us, each part written and directed by him. Mark would occasionally throw in a trademark gimmick, a balloon-powered-trumpet or a kazoo solo to spark the crowd. Money Mark is admittedly a showman,

he had a lot of energy and he worked the crowd beautifully. He managed to hide the tiresome and impatient man of just hours before behind quick burst of excitement and ear to ear grins he flashed the crowd. The energy he gave us was delivered in mere twitters of enthusiasm, prodding us to cheer, and promising a hype that would bring us to dance but that unfortunately fell just short. Money Mark was a tease.

Money Mark's saving grace was that he had a deep appreciation for the music. It was planned and precise, it was his personal sound. He reveled in the hands-on the tuning approach of the keyboards he used.

Rejecting digital keyboards for their fixed and recorded sounds, Money Mark expressed an outright "refusal to be dehumanized by machines, and all the technology that has 'advanced' and 'accelerated' (criticism and sarcasm duly noted) so fast. Slowly we become dependent. I'd rather be co-dependent. I want to co-exist." Aspects of the music were personal through the specific sounds of each instrument but the songs were not. Throughout the set, the unoriginal routine of flopping across the Top 10 spectrum was set in motion. Here is a pop song, here is an electronica song, here is an airport lounge song. Any momentum built over the evening was strangled by the unnatural direction and strict adherence to the 12 step process of pleasing a crowd. The animation and intimacy he sported was part of his performance.

I actually am a Money Mark fan, and I did enjoy myself, I may even buy the new album, but I didn't like the show because that is all it was, a show: planned and calculated, artificial entertainment. In his closing speech to the audience, it became clear that this was his career, when in front of his instrument he makes music, that's his job, nothing more.

EVENTS

Thursday November 12

For info call 486-1448.

15 Years Later: Looking Back at the Pandemic. The French discoverer of HIV, Dr. Luc Montagnier will offer an historical review of AIDS research during the last 15 years. Concordia University, Hall Bldg, rm 110, 1445, boul de Masidonneuve West, Jazz vocals by Danielle Francois at 5:30 pm, Lecture at 6 pm.

The Contemporary Music Ensemble, under the direction of Denys Bouliane, will present works by various renowned composers. At Pollack Hall, 8 pm. Tickets are \$5. For info call 398-4547.

The lesbian/bi/queer women's discussion group is hosting a safer sex workshop at 6:30 pm, 2020 Mackay (downstairs). All women interested in safer sex with women are welcome.

For info call 848-7431

Friday November 13

Nicolaus Huber will be giving a composition masterclass at 9:30 am in Clara Lichtenstein Recital Hall. Selected works by McGill student composers will be heard and discussed. Admission is free.

The Ensemble of the Societe de musique contemporaine du Quebec, conducted by Walter Boudreau, will present a concert entitled Long Courier. Pollack Hall, 8 pm. Admission is \$15 for students. For more info call 987-6919

Monday, November 16

On behalf of The Women's Canadian Club of Montreal, Mike Frost, Former Intelligence Officer, Communications Security Establishment, National Defence, will be giving a speech entitled Inside the Canadian Intelligence Establishment at Montreal Citadel, 2050 Stanely Street at 12:30. Sandwiches and coffee will be available at 11:30. \$5.00 for non-members.

General/spouses/OCD support group for families of the mentally ill, for spouses, and for those with obsessive compulsive disorder and their families. The support groups meet at 7:30 pm, 4333 Cote Ste. Catherine Road.

Tuesday, November 17

QPIRG, McGill is holding a film screening and public discussion by Lifers for Restorative Justice Week. La Morts Des Masques is a documentary that looks at three Lifer's experiences within Montreal prisons. A discussion with two Lifers will follow the film. 7:30 pm, Faculty of Law, 3644 Peel st. voluntary donation.

Wednesday, November 18

Lupus Québec is holding a support group at Lupus Québec Office, 1435 St. Alexandre st., #1025, Metro Place Des Arts, exit de Bleury, access by Mayor st.

The McGill Legal Information Clinic will be holding its general assembly at 12h30 in room B-10 in Shatner, 3480 McTavish. All McGill students are welcome.

Come chow down while trading-in your tired duds! The Concordia Women's Centre is hosting a clothing exchange and potluck at 5 pm, 2020 Mackay (downstairs). All women are welcome. For info call 848-7431

Ongoing

The McGill Domestic Violence Clinic offers a treatment group for men who abuse their partners or for whom the issue of violence in relationships is of concern to them. The group meets weekly on Tuesday evenings from 6:00-8:00 pm. Services are offered on a sliding scale fee basis. For more information, contact Laura Johnston or Dong Kim at 398-2686.

Women's Support Group- a facilitated group for women who are or who have been in abusive relationships. Meetings are informal, confidential and free cost. The place is safe and secure. For more information, please contact Heather Holmes at the McGill Domestic Violence Clinic- 398-2686.

Criminal Injustice, a working group of QPIRG, McGill is organizing a series of events for Restorative Justice Week 1998, until the 25th of November. call 398-7432.

(EVENTS continued on page 11)

The Project invites you to join in the creation of the International Festival for Humanity. The event will take place at McGill and in five other cities around the world in April 1999. We're looking for anyone interested in shakin' the world. Come and join us. For more info call Mauricio or Brad at 844-1610.

The Poumon-9 Line is a bilingual help line for smokers, ex-smokers, their family and friends. Operative Monday to Friday 2 to 9 p.m.

The McGill Eating Disorder Unit offers support groups free of charge to all students aged 18 years or older. For more info or to join call 398-1050.

Outreach to Inmates: Bordeaux jail Protestant Chaplaincy invites McGill students to form a support group for preventative detention inmates. Thursdays 1-4. Call Gwenda Wells, 398-4104.

Canada World Youth is conducting its annual recruitment campaign: deadline is November 20th. Call 931-3933.

Parenthese is a parent support group providing an opportunity for parents of young children to get together. Call Cyndy Spilberg at 934-0354 ext. 354

McGill Centre for Research and Teaching on Women is looking for a person interested in women's studies to write 3 or 4 press releases per semester. will pay \$8-10 an hour. call Blossom at 398-3911

Calls for Volunteers

The Daily invites all interested

parties to come and help out with writing, photos, or layout. Drop by the office at Shatner B-03 or call 398-6784.

Volunteers needed at the NDG Food Depot and NDG Info Depot. call Gina at 483-5346.

Big Brothers and Big Sisters of West Island are looking for mentors, male and female, 18 yrs and up, to commit one hour/week. Make a difference in the life of a child. For info call 684-6100.

The CLSC NDG/Montréal West is looking for volunteers to assist individuals with different needs on a one-to-one basis or to help with office/reception work. For more info call the CLSC Volunteer Coordination office at 485-7811, ext. 1015 or 1020.

If you love babies or want experience working with infant twins, CLSC René-Cassin needs you. The organization seeks volunteers to work one-on-one with overwhelmed families with recent twins in the West End. Patience, reliability and experience necessary. Call Elizabeth at 488-9163 ext. 351 for more info.

Help stop elder abuse! The Elder Abuse Info-line is seeking bilingual volunteers to help seniors in need and raise awareness around elder abuse and seniors' rights. You will receive appropriate training, develop communication skills and be part of a dynamic volunteer team. For more info call Heather Hart: 488-9163 ext. 360.

Volunteer to be a Best Buddy! Best Buddies creates friendships between people with developmental disabilities and college students.

For more info e-mail bb@ssmu.mcgill.ca

Santropol Roulant is looking for volunteers to deliver meals to those living with a loss of autonomy. With project GO, student involvement is facilitated by bringing meals to the Shatner Building. Those interested call Genevieve at 282-0245.

Contactivity Centre for Seniors, is looking for volunteers and donations. Activities include a telephone check up service, community involvement for elders, social development, health and physical well being programs and home support services. Contact 932-3433 for more info.

The Shalom Line seeks patient and compassionate listeners, over 20 years of age, to volunteer on their confidential, anonymous listening line. To get involved call 735-3541

Mines Action Canada is sending out a challenge to students and professors to come up with new or improved technologies to detect and remove land mines. Preliminary proposals are due November 30. Contact Mary Foster at (613)-234-6755.

Call for volunteers at Atwater Library and Computing Centre. Three hours a week only. Pick up an application at the circulation desk or call Susan McGuire, 937-3169.

Volunteers wanted for YM-YWHA Computer Drop-In Centre. Volunteers must be computer literate and enjoy working with teens. Call Abba at 737-6551, ext.230.

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The National Examination Centre for Canada (McGill University) will be offering on November 30 through December 6 the DELF, 1^{er} degré. The DELF, 1^{er} degré, covers basic competencies in French and attests that the holder is able to communicate both orally and in writing in normal everyday situations. Candidates should have had at least 100 hours of instruction prior to taking the 1^{er} unit (A1). The DELF 2nd degré covers the further development of these skills.

Exam dates, times and costs

DELF 1^{er} degré

- 30 Nov., 16:30 - Unit A1 \$35.00
- 1 Dec., 16:30 - Unit A2 \$35.00
- 2 Dec., 16:30 - Unit A3 \$35.00
- 3 Dec., 16:30 - Unit A4 \$35.00

DALF Qualifying Exam

- 23 Nov., 16:30 - \$80.00

DELF 2nd degré

- 4 Dec., 16:30 - Unit A5 \$80.00
- 5 Dec., 16:30 - Unit A6 \$80.00

DALF

- 1 Dec., 16:30 - Unit B1 \$35.00
- 2 Dec., 16:30 - Unit B2 \$35.00
- 3 Dec., 16:30 - Unit B3 \$35.00
- 4 Dec., 16:30 - Unit B4 \$35.00

An INFORMATION SESSION on these examinations will be held at 680 Sherbrooke St. W., room 1051 on 16 November 1998, at 6:00 p.m.

For more information or to register, call or visit:
The Department of Languages and Translation
680 Sherbrooke St. W., Room 1199
[Tel: (514) 398-6160]

E-mail: lang@conted.lan.mcgill.ca on or before 5pm, Friday, 20 Nov. 1998.

Information can also be accessed on our web site at:

<http://www.mcgill.ca/conted/language/ladir.htm>

All candidates must present a photo identification in the form of a passport and a birth certificate giving the place and date of birth.



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daily classifieds

Ads may be placed through the Daily Business Office, Room B-07, University Centre, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication. McGill Students & Staff (with valid ID): \$4.75 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, \$4.25 per day. General Public: \$6.00 per day, or \$5.00 per day for 3 or more consecutive days. Extra charges may apply, prices include applicable GST or PST. Full payment should accompany your advertising order and may be made in cash or by personal cheque (for amounts over \$20 only). For more information, please visit our office or call 398-6790. WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE. PLEASE CHECK YOUR AD CAREFULLY WHEN IT APPEARS IN THE PAPER. The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damages due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

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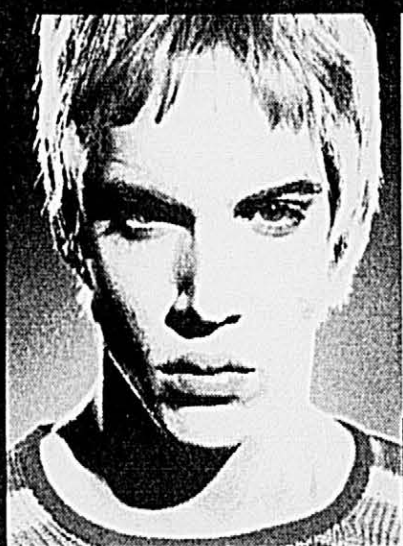
Annual General Meeting (AGM)

Tuesday November 24, 1998 Shatner Building Rm. 107/108 3:30-5:00 pm

For more information, please leave a message for
David Goldfarb Chief Returning Officer (CRO)
at 398-6790

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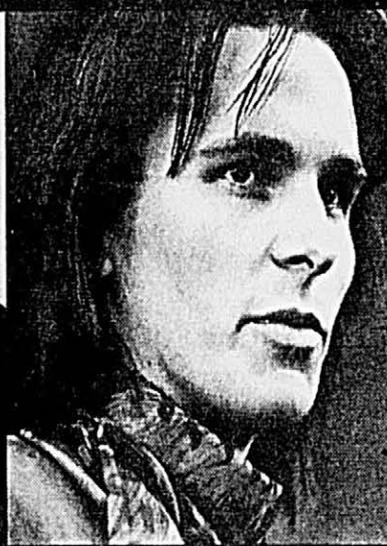
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of electrifying theatricality and **sexual possibility!**" - Janet Maslin, THE NEW YORK TIMES



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CHRISTIAN BALE "VELVET GOLDMINE" A FILM BY TODD HAYNES COSTUME DESIGNER EDDIE IZZARD EMILY WOOF AND MICHAEL FEAST EDITOR JAMES LYONS AND TODD HAYNES EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SUSIE FIGGIS PRODUCED BY CHRISTOPHER HOBBS AND SANDY POWELL
SCREENPLAY BY L. PETER KING BASED UPON THE PLAY BY MARYSE ALBERTI DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY PETER LINDSAY EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JAMES LYONS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RANDALL POSTER EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS CARTER BURWELL EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS OLIVIA STEWART EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS CHRIS J. BALL AND WILLIAM TYLER
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